

# THE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1805.

NO. 9.

## Classical Literature.

### THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

CONTINUED.

*History of Imlac continued.*

“WHEN I first entered upon the world of waters, and lost sight of land, I looked round about me with pleasing terror, and thinking my soul enlarged by the boundless prospect, imagined that I could gaze round for ever without satiety; but, in a short time, I grew weary of looking on barren uniformity, where I could only see again what I had already seen. I then descended into the ship, and doubted, for a while, whether all my future pleasures would not end like this...in disgust and disappointment. Yet, surely, said I, the ocean and the land are very different; the only variety of water is rest and motion: but the earth has mountains and vallies, deserts and cities; it is inhabited by men of different customs and contrary opinions; and I may hope to find variety in life, though I should miss it in nature.

“With this thought I quieted my mind, and amused myself during the voyage, sometimes by learning from the sailors the art of navigation, which I have never practised, and sometimes by forming schemes for my conduct in different situations, in not one of which I have been ever placed.

“I was almost weary of my naval amusements when we landed safely at Surat. I secured my money, and, purchasing some commodities for show, joined myself to a caravan that was passing into the inland country. My companions, for some reason or other, conjecturing that I was rich, and, by my inquiries and admiration, finding that I was ignorant, considered me as a novice whom they had a right to cheat, and who was to learn, at the usual expense, the art of fraud. They exposed me to the theft of servants and the exaction of officers, and saw me plundered upon false pretences, without any advantage to themselves, but that of rejoicing in the superiority of their own knowledge.”

“Stop a moment,” said the prince. “Is there such depravity in man, as that he should injure another without benefit to himself? I can easily conceive that all are pleased with superiority; but your ignorance was merely accidental, which, being neither your crime nor your folly, could afford them no reason to applaud themselves; and the knowledge which they had, and which you wanted, they might as effectually have shown by warning, as betraying you.”

“Pride,” said Imlac, “is seldom delicate; it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others. They were my enemies, because they grieved to think me rich; and my oppressors, because they delighted to find me weak.”

“Proceed,” said the prince: “I doubt not of the facts which you relate, but imagine that you impute them to mistaken motives.”

“In this company,” said Imlac, “I arrived at Agra, the capital of Indostan, the city in which the Great Mogul commonly resides. I applied myself to the language of the country, and, in a few months, was able to converse with the learned men; some of whom I found morose and reserved, and others easy and communicative: some were unwilling to teach another what they had with difficulty learned themselves; and some showed that the end of their studies was to gain the dignity of instructing.

“To the tutor of the young princes I recommended myself so much, that I was presented to the emperor as a man of uncommon knowledge. The emperor asked me many questions concerning my country, and my travels; and, though I cannot now recollect any thing that he uttered above the power of a common man, he dismissed me, astonished at his wisdom and enamoured of his goodness.

“My credit was now so high, that the merchants, with whom I had travelled, applied to me for recommendations to the ladies of the court. I was surprised at their confidence of solicitation, and gently reproached them with their practices on the road. They heard me with cold indifference, and showed no tokens of shame or sorrow.

“They then urged their requests with the offer of a bribe; but what I would not do for kindness I would not do for money; and refused them, not because they had injured me, but because I would not enable them to injure others; for I knew they would have made use of my credit to cheat those who should buy their wares.

“Having resided at Agra till there was no more to be learned, I travelled into Persia, where I saw many remains of ancient magnificence, and observed many new accommodations of life. The Persians are a nation eminently social; and their assemblies afforded me daily opportunities of remarking characters and manners, and of tracing human nature through all its variations.

“From Persia I passed into Arabia, where I saw a nation at once pastoral and warlike; who live without any settled habitation; whose only wealth is their flocks and herds; and who have yet carried on, through all ages, an hereditary war with all mankind, though they neither covet nor envy their possessions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Education.

### A VALEDICTORY ORATION.

BY THOMAS KITTERA.

CONTINUED.

WHAT then must it be when the mind is early enriched with the unbounded treasures of the liberal arts and sciences. What a flood of intellectual light must pour in upon us, from the great huminaries of ancient and modern history. How are the limits of the understanding enlarged, when she converses with a Socrates, a Plato, or a Xenophon. How are her views extended, her ideas multiplied; how lively, various, and distinct are rendered all her perceptions, by her converse with these prodigies of literature and science? She feels herself elevated with noble sentiments of respect for the dignity of her being, and inspired with a generous ambition to imitate, even at a distance, such transcendent geniuses. Thus becoming emulous to excel, and ardent in the pursuit of an honourable fame, all her energies and powers are excited; forgetful of her own weakness, she makes the most noble efforts, soars above her ordinary pitch, and, finally, attains to a degree of excellence, to which in the moments of timidity or inglorious indolence she never dared aspire.

If therefore the very first key of the liberal arts and sciences enables us thus to converse and seemingly to live, with the most learned of all antiquity, will it still be persisted in, that the understanding of the learned languages is but an useless drudgery. Be it so to the ignoble mind, either shamefully languishing in slothful inaction, or whose native vigour is sunk into contemptible effeminacy. I know, generous classmates, we spurn the idea with indignation: emulous to rival the youth of Greece or Rome, we cheerfully consent to undergo the labours and hardships of the severest academical discipline. Are not application, industry, and labour, the law of our being, the demand both of nature and reason, and the positive injunction of the Deity...are they not the instruments of improvement, the sure foundation of true pleasure, and the necessary means of attaining any degree of excellence? For though we should derive no other advantage from such studies, than the acquirements of habits of labour, would we not be amply repaid? The natural effects of such habits are, to render our literary toils, daily more sweet and pleasing; to communicate steadiness to our minds: to overcome an aversion to studious application, the greatest foe not only to literary acquirements, but even to virtue, health, happiness, or any spirited enjoyment of life. How justly has the sententious Seneca described it: ...“Otium sine literis mors est, et hominis vivi sepultura.”



## THE MISCELLANY.

Can all the circle of trifling occupations, or other silly amusements, in which too many waste away the precious season of their youth, be compared to the refined and charming delights of literary application. He, who is so happy as to have acquired a taste for this, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence. What calm and tranquil pleasures spring from the select Greek and Latin poets, pleasures which neither vanish in the enjoyment, nor fix in the soul the bitter sting of remorse. The mind that is entirely devoid of relish for such entertainments, betrays very unpromising symptoms, and raises suspicions of being prone to low gratifications, and fitted only for the vulgar pursuits of life. Let then the classics be the pleasing sources of our rational delights. To them let us return with increased affection and desire.

"Nocturna versate manu versate diurna."

This is intellectual improvement indeed; this is indeed the melioration of the heart; softening all its asperities; humanizing all its inclinations; calming its more violent and fierce emotions; and thus preparing it, willingly, to receive every direction from the enlightened understanding...

....."Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

But were the only end of the liberal arts and sciences, to enrich the human understanding with the most copious stores of diversified knowledge and science, to render us thoroughly skilled in all the various branches of philology; enable us merely to admire the great masters of ancient eloquence, or to feel the beauties of ancient poetry, without exciting all the warm and generous affections of the heart to imitate the bright examples of virtue which these illustrious models exhibit: a liberal education would fail, indeed, in this most essential part, that of making us feel that we are subject to moral obligation, and only great if virtuous. Such was the important truth that a Socrates, a Plato, an Epictetus, a Seneca, a Cicero, and an Aristotle, constantly wished deeply to impress on the minds of their pupils. In their eyes the honest and virtuous citizen claimed a preference over the merely learned. If they endeavoured to enlarge their capacities... if they held up to their eyes the bright and animated example of their predecessors, it was to engage them to discharge with equal fidelity, the duties annexed to their state in society, thereby to adorn and uphold the general body, with good parents, good children, steady friends and virtuous citizens. For without virtue, what avail the brightest talents and most extensive knowledge. Will they qualify the ruler to promote, or not rather to destroy the happiness of the people; the statesman to subvert the state; the leader of an army to betray his country. What else but mockery and dissimulation is patriotism without virtue. Without it what can secure the liberties of a country: without it who will prefer the public good to his own private interest? Who will suffer privations and distresses in every shape, which

otherwise, by base and dishonourable means he might have avoided. Not all the talents, not all the eloquence, not all the public spirit and bravery of Pericles counterbalanced his deficiency of virtue, in the eyes of Plato. Can they name, says he, one single man, citizen or foreigner, bond or free, whom Pericles made wiser or better by all his care.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### EXTRACT.

FROM DRAKE'S LITERARY HOURS.

IMAGINATION, that fruitful source of the beautiful and sublime, when duly tempered and chastised by the strict ratiocination of science, throws a fascinating charm over all the walks of life; unveils, as it were, scenes of fairy texture, and draws the mind, with salutary influence, from the sordid cares, and selfish pursuits, the sanguinary tumult, and materialized enjoyments of the herd of mankind, to repose on all that is good and fair, on all that the Almighty Architect, in animate or inanimate nature, has poured forth to excite the admiration, the love and gratitude of his intellectual creatures.

But should this brilliant faculty be nurtured on the bosom of enthusiasm or romantic expectation, or be left to revel in all its native wildness of combination, and to plunge into all the visionary terrors of supernatural agency, undiverted by the deductions of truth, or the sober realities of existence, it will too often prove the cause of acute misery, of melancholy, and even of distraction.

In the spring of life, when reason and experience are necessarily confined, almost every object rises clothed in vivid hues; earth appears a paradise, and its inhabitants little short of perfection: alas! as the man advances, as he becomes acquainted with his fellow man, how are all these splendid visions scattered on the winds! he beholds passions the most baneful devastate this beauteous globe, and witnesses, with horror and dismay, its wretched inhabitants immolate each other on the altars of avarice and ambition. Starting from the dream of youth, he turns disgusted from the loathsome scene; perhaps, retires to commune with himself, to pause upon the lot of mortality.

To this important crisis, many of the characters which adorn or blot the records of humanity, owe their origin. He, who can call religion and literature to his aid, will pass along the road of life intent on other worlds, and alone employed, in this, in accelerating the powers of intellect, and in meliorating the condition of his species. From the crimes and follies of mankind, from the annals of blood, and the orgies of voluptuousness, will this man fly to no unprofitable solitude; here will he trace the finger of the Deity, and here amid the pursuits of science, the charms of music, and the pleasures of poetry, with simplicity of heart, and energy of genius, will adore the God who gave them.

Effects, however, such as these, are unfortunately, no common result; for that intensity of feeling and ardour of expectation which usually accompany our early years, meeting

with a sudden and unexpected check, sometimes lead to a train of ideas the very reverse of all that pleased before, and misanthropy, and even scepticism, close the scene, and chill every social and benevolent exertion. But far more common is that character which when once awakened from the delusion of inexperience, and become acquainted with the vices of mankind, passes on with wary circumspection, intent only on moulding the crimes and passions which surround it, to instruments of pecuniary gain, or desolating ambition. Many of this class there are, whose principal object being the accumulation of property, preserve, as a mean towards its attainment, an imposing exterior, and travel through life with what is called a *fair character*, yet possessing no one benevolent feeling or liberal sentiment that can properly designate them for man, or rank them beyond the animal they consume.

But some there are, gifted with an imagination of the most brilliant kind; who are accustomed to expatiate in all the luxury of an ideal world, and who possess a heart glowing with the tenderest sensations. These men too frequently fall a sacrifice to the indulgence of a warm and vigorous fancy, and which is, unhappily, not sufficiently corrected by a knowledge of mankind, or the rigid deduction of scientific study. The lovely scenes they had so rapturously drawn, and coloured, find no archetype in the busy paths of life, but fade beneath the gloomy touch of reality, and leave to the astonished visionary, a cheerless and a barren view; or the mind, long and intensely employed in giving form and place to the fascinating fictions of fancy, or the wild delusions of superstition, is apt, on the first pressure of neglect and misfortune, to suffer derangement, and to assume for truth, the paintings of enthusiasm. Thus, the clear current of exalted thought, or generous feeling, driven from its course by sudden opposition, and vexed with unexpected tempests, not seldom spreads terror and amazement in its progress.

### ANECDOTE

OF THE

#### LATE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THE late Countess of Huntingdon, in the winter of 1787, received a cover directed to her, inclosing two masquerade tickets. She paid no regard to the insult; but, giving them to one of her deacons, bad him send them to some coffee-house at the west end of the town, and get what money he could for them, and give it to any deserving object of distress he thought proper. He accordingly disposed of them for a guinea, and with it, and some small addition to it, liberated a poor man from the Poultry Compter. Presence and tranquillity of mind, benevolence, penetration, and acute observation, are said to have been the science of the Countess of Huntingdon. She delighted in meditation, that spring of unceasing pleasures, and true school of wisdom. It is but justice to her memory to say, that she strictly adhered to the maxim of the primitive christians, viz. "that religion consisted not in talking, but in doing good things."



FOR THE MISCELLANY.

MR. GRAM,

As I see you are favored with the effusions of some of the "enlightened sons of Nassau-Hall"...and, as in that institution there are many of the "sons of genius," whose talents should not lie idle, I propose to dedicate a part of your paper to *Mathematical Questions*;...for this purpose I send you a few; if you approve the plan you will give them a place.

Yours,

QUID.

1. A landed man two daughters had,  
And both were very fair....  
He gave to each a piece of land....  
One round, the other square.  
At twenty shillings an acre just  
Each piece its value had;  
The shillings that did compass each  
For it exactly paid.  
If 'cross a shilling be an inch,  
As it is pretty near,  
Which was the greater fortune, she  
That had the round, or square?

2. A worm was placed by Almighty God  
Just seventeen feet under the sod;  
To make his way to see the light,  
He had to work both day and night;  
By day he rose just *eight* feet up,  
At night descended *seven* to sup;  
The question is, how soon he'll rise  
To see the sun with both his eyes?

3. It is required to divide the number 100 into  
such parts that their product and the dif-  
ference of their squares may be equal to each  
other?

DEVOTION.

BEING, a short time since, at a place of  
worship with an old friend of mine, who has  
always been remarkable for piety, I observed  
he appeared much shocked at the too palpable  
marks of irreverence and inattention in the  
younger part of the congregation during the  
service, and, as is common with him in  
cases, heard him deliver the following  
just loud enough for me (who sat  
near, to distinguish every word:

Oh, Devotion!...Devotion!...in what part  
of this habitable globe dost thou deign to rest  
thy gentle wings? Dost thou alight in the  
bosom of the Laplander, who freezes beneath  
the pole; or the tawny African, who scorches  
under the line? Dost thou attend the Mussel-  
man to his mosque; or dost thou rise in the  
solemn orisons of the vestal Nuns who inhabit  
the gloomy walls of superstition?...for here  
find thee not! The mind is here too much  
distracted with the gaudy show of beauty and  
wealth; and we seem more anxious, when we  
enter the house of God, to please the eye of  
man, than the Being we profess to worship.  
We pray, but half goes to Heaven...perhaps  
so much; and it is cheated of the rest by  
the sights before us. Even our music, that  
was designed to inspire adoration and raise our  
piety; our music, that should roll in the solemn  
 strains of heavenly inspiration, is more fre-  
quently heard to beat time to the quicker  
movements of gaiety and pleasure!"

P. P. Q.

THE FOLLY OF INGRATITUDE.

AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

No benefit can accrue from any good of-  
fices rendered to the ungrateful: a melancholy  
consideration, but not more melancholy than  
true, as the following anecdote will aptly illus-  
trate.

A King of Mandoa, in Indostan, having fall-  
en into a river, one of his slaves generously  
swam to his relief, seized him by the hair of  
his head, and rescued him from the jaws of  
death. No sooner had the Sovereign recover-  
ed than he demanded the name of the person  
who had dragged him out of the water. The  
slave, to whom he was so much obliged, was  
accordingly pointed out to him, and it was uni-  
versally supposed that he would receive a re-  
compense from the Prince adequate to the im-  
portance of the service he had rendered him.  
On the contrary, however, the king sternly de-  
manded of him, why he had dared to put his  
hand upon the head of his Sovereign?...and  
gave orders for his instant death.

Some time after, the same Monarch, being  
seated upon the edge of a boat, intoxicated, by  
the side of one of his women, again fell into  
the water. The woman might easily have saved  
him; but, thinking the service too danger-  
ous, she suffered him to perish, giving for ex-  
cuse...."That she had not yet forgotten the  
cruel fate of the slave!"

ON DELUSIONS IN COURTSHIP.

NOTHING has been more lamented by wise  
and good men than the practise amongst us  
of deceiving one another with regard to our  
worldly circumstances, and our characters, be-  
fore marriage. Much evil and unhappiness is  
occasioned by discovering too late how wofully  
we have been deceived by false representations  
of this sort. The husband and wife are equally  
fated to endure ill-nature and poverty in their  
marriage state, where they expected good-  
nature, affection, and competence. If they were  
both more candid, they would be both happier;  
and, to that end, I would warn them of their  
danger by the saying of Plato:....

"He that fisheth with poison, catcheth fish,  
but evil and corrupted; so they that endeavour  
to get their husbands or wives by *deceits* or  
charms, may easily get them; but they were  
better ungotten."

MEDICAL APHORISM.

THE celebrated Boerhaave ordered, that all  
his manuscripts and books should be burned,  
one large volume, with gilt leaves and silver  
clasps, excepted. The physical people flocked  
to Leyden, and entreated the executors to dis-  
obey the will. The effects were sold. A Ger-  
man Count, convinced that the great gilt book  
contained the whole *arcana* of physic, bought  
it at ten thousand guilders. On examining it,  
he found that it was all blank paper but the  
first page, on which was written.....*Keep the  
head cool, the feet warm, and the body open; and  
bid defiance to the physician!*

Good qualities, like great abilities, are in-  
comprehensible and inconceivable to such as  
are deprived of them.

THE MATRIMONIAL RING.

THE ring, at first, according to Swinburne,  
was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an  
adamant; the metal, hard and durable, signi-  
fying the durance and prosperity of the con-  
tract.

"Howbeit," he says, "it skilleth not at this  
day what metal the ring be of. The form of  
it being round, and without end, doth import  
that their love should circulate and flow con-  
tinually. The finger on which this ring is to  
be worn is the fourth finger on the left hand,  
next unto the little finger, because there was  
supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence  
into the heart."

TRENTON, AUGUST 5, 1805.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

THE Windham Herald contains an account  
of the progress of the manufacture of silk in  
the town of Mansfield, (Conn.) by which it ap-  
pears, that in the last year, 1804, there were  
produced in that town "between twelve and  
thirteen hundred pounds weight of well dried  
raw silk, every pound of which when made into  
sewing silk was worth seven dollars, and found  
a ready market." This silk is stated to be far  
superior to that imported in strength and dura-  
bility. It is principally attended to by women  
and children, and therefore interferes very lit-  
tle with agriculture or other pursuits. Would  
not this article be worth attention in other  
places than Mansfield?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Inconcinnus*" is so badly written, that he must  
lay over, and, we would inform this author, that we  
prefer *general* to merely *personal* subjects.

In reconsidering the communication of our Ma-  
thematical Friend, we have this day given place to  
his questions; but we must still object to those who  
may want explanatory engravings to elucidate them;  
and to such as we may consider too lengthy for our  
limits.

"*Will Honeycomb, jun.*" we think too light for  
publication.

MARRIED,

LAST week, at Cranberry, by the Rev. Mr. Wood-  
hull, Mr. RANDEE HUNT, to Mrs. MARY DANIELS,  
formerly of New-York.

Obituary.

*The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike, th' inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave!*

GRAY.

DIED,

At Salem, (Mass.) Mr. WILLIAM CARLETON,  
Printer and Editor of the "Salem Register."  
In England Archbishop PALEY.  
Lately, at Harrisburgh, (Penn.) Gen. JOHN AN-  
DRE HANNA, Member of Congress.  
At Hackensack, on Tuesday last, Col. NEHEMIAH  
WADE, *Æt.* 46.

At Jamaica, Mrs. MILLS, aged 118, she was fol-  
lowed to the grave by 295 of her children, great-  
grand children, and great-great-grand children. For  
97 years she practised midwifery, during which pe-  
riod it is stated that she ushered 143,000 persons into  
the world! She retained her senses to the last, and  
followed her business until within two days of her  
death.



# Seat of the Muses.

MY NOISELESS HOURS I GIVE,  
BLEST POETRY, TO THEE!

The following has been handed us by a friend,  
and may be said to be a good versification of  
the Fable of Gelbert, published in No. 7. It  
is copied from the "Farmer's Museum."

## THE TEST OF CONJUGAL LOVE.

ON his fever burnt bed, quick gasping for breath,  
Lay Strephon, convulsed with pain...  
While the wind in his throat shook the rattle of  
death,  
The hot blood raged thro' the swollen vein.

Large drops of cold sweat on his forehead did stand,  
The lustre was dimm'd in his eye,  
While the chill of his feet, and the chill of his hand,  
Pronounc'd that poor Strephon must die.

His neighbors all wept, and his kindred all cried,  
With handkerchiefs held to each eye,  
While a boy and a girl sobb'd loud at his side,  
To think that their father must die.

But who can describe the fond griefs of his wife,  
Her shriekings, her tears, and despair?  
When she vow'd that same hour should end her own  
life,  
And tore off by handfulls her hair.

Oh death! thou fell monster, in anguish she rav'd...  
Oh spare my dear husband, Oh spare;  
Throw thy ice-dart at me, let my husband be sav'd,  
Or I'll sink in a whirl of despair.

Oh, how shall I live when my husband is dead...  
Or why this loath'd life should I save?  
Then haste, welcome death, take me in his stead,  
Or I'll go with my love to the grave.

The wind whistled high, the old mansion about,  
And rock'd like a cradle the floor,  
When death in the entry stood knocking without,  
With his knuckle of bone on the door.

And he bursted the lock, and the door open'd wide,  
And in the slim spectre slow strode,  
And he rattled his jaws, and he rattled his side,  
As over the threshold he trod.

"Who's here," cried the spectre, "who calls loud  
for me....  
"Who wants death?" the thin spectre then said:  
"Why who," cried the wife, "why who should it be,  
"But the gentleman there on the bed?"

## ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam  
Alone and pensive I delight to stray,  
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
Or mark the fleecy clouds that cross thy way.

And, while I gaze, thy mild and pensive light  
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;  
And oft I think, fair planet of the night!  
That in thy orbs the wretched may have rest.

The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,  
Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere,  
And the sad children of despair and woe  
Forget, in thee, their cup of misery here.  
Ah! that I soon may reach thy world serene,  
Poor wearied pilgrim in the toiling scene!

## THE OLD SOLDIER.

"I AM a poor old soldier!" said a tremulous  
voice, as I turned the corner of the street.....  
"Your honour cannot, surely, pass a poor old  
soldier!"

The petition was very pressing...it was de-  
livered somewhat in the tone of command...  
but there was yet something of a sweetness  
about it, and something so supplicating in the  
attitude of the man, that I stopped to look at  
him.—"Date obolum Belisario!"...thought I  
... "is a sufficient passport for any one of thy  
livery." An old, tattered, military coat, and a  
wooden leg, always soften my heart to pity,  
and dispose me to acts of benevolence. This  
man had a claim upon me: he was about sixty  
in age.....in misfortune he was older; a gen-  
tle bend in his shoulder, which was produced  
in spite of his profession, told me it was so:  
and there were a few grey hairs on his fore-  
head, still wearing a military air, that confirm-  
ed the conjecture. He held out his hat, doubt-  
ingly...not imperiously; and I interpreted the  
language of his tongue from the motion of his  
hand. As he held out his hat with one hand,  
he laid the other across his breast, and, with  
many sighs, told me such a tale of woe, as  
rarely falls to the lot of man.

He had enlisted in the army at an early  
period of life, leaving behind him a wife and a  
brother; had, during the course of many hard  
campaigns, undergone various distresses of bod-  
y and mind; till, being rendered unfit for fur-  
ther service, he was returned a cripple, de-  
pendant upon the bounty of his native coun-  
try. His heart was all this while cheered with  
the hope of receiving a hearty welcome from  
his friends; but his brother was dead, and his  
wife, untrue to her vow, was in the arms of  
another.

During the recital he was agitated by diffe-  
rent passions:....I could see a faint but expres-  
sive glow of animation spread over his aged  
cheek, when he recounted his battles, and his  
dangers; but when he came to the conclusion,  
he turned away, to hide a tear that glistened  
in his eye, in spite of all his courage. I own  
the effect which this circumstance had upon  
me: and, surely, it is no mean gratification, to  
contemplate, in these monuments of age, the  
changes and misfortunes of human life. I have  
often been pleas'd to see a maimed and dis-  
abled soldier begging through our streets, when  
the liberal hand of charity has been opened to  
assist him: a smile of approbation, or some-  
thing (I know not what) has flush'd in my  
face, to see a very miser relent at his piteous  
tale, and, with a half-formed resolution, contri-  
bute his farthing.

Come hither, ye who have reaped the harvest  
of this man's labour—who have been rolling in  
ease and influence, whilst he has been fighting  
your battles:.....ye, who feel the blessings of  
peace, which this man has purchased for you,  
.....come,.....and see him begging for the  
bread which you enjoy in plenty!.....Tell me  
if you were pained when he was wounded....if  
you bled when he was laid on the field battle?  
.....Alas! he has dearly earned the privi-  
lege to beg. Come, then....it is your's....it is  
mine....it is the business of us all, to make the

countenance of Want smile with our bless-  
ings; and chase away, if it be but for a mo-  
ment, the lines of sorrow from the face of  
Misfortune!

## Anecdotes.

A LAWYER told a countryman, who was his  
client, that his cause was so bad and intricate  
that he could perceive neither beginning nor  
end to it: the man immediately pulled two  
crowns out of his pocket, and gave them to the  
lawyer, saying, Here are a pair of spectacles  
for you.

A BLACK man, about to be married to a wo-  
man of the same colour, by a justice of the  
peace, observed to him, that if he performed  
the ceremony as he usually did for the white  
people, he would pay him well; but if not, he  
would give nothing; to which the justice agreed.  
After the ceremony was over, the negro was  
going away, when the justice thought proper  
to remind him of his promise. "Why," said  
the negro, "you have omitted an essential  
point." The justice demanded what it was.  
"Why," answered the negro "you forgot to  
salute the bride;" and, bidding good-night, walk-  
ed off.

A SERVANT, terrified, ran into the study of  
the learned Bude, to acquaint him that the  
house was on fire! Go, answered he, and in-  
form your mistress of it; you know very well  
that I never meddle in domestic concerns.

## The Miscellany.

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